awakened into a vivid experience of the
present God. Then, as becomes
the. second characteristic of the
rejuvenated soul, the remorseful artist
says, 'Now, I will paint you. My art—my
box, colours, tools,
skill and all, I dedicate assiduously unto
you. I beg the favour of
your just giving me a bitting/ And then, he
says, ' Less profile !
turn to me—three-quarter face/ Further on,
you get the panting
utterance of the soul : ' T would picture
you, figure you in myscli full
face/ Thus, too, says the penitent sinner to
his God/ My beloved God,
I want Thy full face ; do Thou conceal
nothing from me ' The next
moment, * A child had shamed me at it. 1
he whole power and skill
has gone out of me. T can't paint you.
This art that
harlot-like seduced me -from you leaves
me harlot-like.'
Similarly, who can paint God ? The more
strenuous the effort,
the more enlarged and the more bammg in
dimensions the
Infinite becomes. Finally, ' I am content
with being before you/
says Romney. At last, too, comes to the soul
the great revelation :
'^Vhy should I strive in vain to paint or to
describe, while the vision
itself is before me ? ' That is the vision of
worship—ultimately the
real reason why the monotheist says no
worship is possible except in
spirit. Not that the idolater is a binncr and
I am a saint; but who
can paint, who can symbolise, who can
picture the Vision of the Infinite?
At last there comes the final stage unto the

penitent sinner : ' 0 let me
lean my head upon \our breast.' So he finds
his peace, his repose,
in Righteousness. And the conclusion here
takes us back to the
closing note of the first poem, ' I come to
live with you.' The penitent,
restored to His God, rests in the assured
hope that forgiveness reaches
up to heaven and thence ib rciiected to
bring shining light to the
forgiven. The grace of God, reaching up to
heaven, is reflected back
as the bliss of God in penitence, because
God's light fahineth direct
upon the darkness of the world. That is
what we mean by '*thamasoma-*
jyotfiivgamaya ' (Lead us out of the gloom
of the self into the light of
the Eternal). As Lowell has told us how
Love's forgetfulness is Beauty's
death, the artist forgot love, and so beauty
—the capacity to realise,
to reproduce beauty died out in spite of the
so-called skill. Again,
as love was restored, the little, narrow cells
of ' Thou ' and ' 1 ', ' I '
and "Thou/ were by the mystic key of Love
flung open into the
boundless beyond of Heaven's palace-gate.
That is the soul's redemp-
tion,-the soul's salvation. As the artist says
in his remorse, "There is
no sin equal to black infidelity. The
murderer, the adulterer, is less
o.i a sinner than I; because, if *he* has lost
salvation, lie-has at least
gained something, while I have. lost
salvation for a mere- 'sketch in
paint-and-"colour/'., ^has the -true-r
pemten.t s^ n^says, ^ 'N-o- »mWf